Subject: "Thirst in a Cavern."

Text: "Oh, that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate"—2 Samuel, xxiii., 15.

War, always distressing, is especially ruin-ous in harvest time. When the crops are all ready for the sickle, to have them trodden down by cavalry horses and heavy supply down by cavalry horses and heavy supply trains gullying the fields, is enough to make any man's heart sick. When the last great war broke out in Europe, and France and Germany were coming into horrid collision. I rode across their golden harvests, and saw the rode across their golden harvests, and saw the tents pitched, and the trenches dug in the very midst of the ripe fields, the long scythe of battle sharpening to mow down harvests of men in great winrows of the dead. It was at this season of harvest that the army of the Philistines came down upon Bethlehem. Hark to the clamor of their voices, the neighing of their chargers, the blare of their trumpets, and the clash of their shields! clash of their shields!

Let David and his men fall back! Lord's host sometimes loses the day. But David knew where to hile. He had been brought up in that country. Boys areinquisitive, and they know all about the region where they were born and brought up. If you should go back to the old home-tend you could with the region where they were born and brought up. spending or the bit most of the bit most of the bit most of the hill back of the house, with which you were familiar thirty or forty years ago. So David knew the cave of Adullam. Perhaps, the bit heads of the hold which a bit of the bit of th in his boyhood days, he had played "hide-and-seek" with his comrades all about the old cave; and though others might not have known it, David did. Travelers say there is only one way of get ting into that cave, and that is by a very ting into that cave, and that is by a very narrow path; but David was stout, and steady-headed, and steady-nerved; and so, with his three brave staff-officers, he goes along that path, finds his way into the cave, sits down, looks around the roof and the dark passages of the mountain, feels very weary with the forced march; and water he must have, or die. I do not know but there may have been drops trickling down the side of the cavern, or that there may have been some water in the have been some water in the goat-skin slung to his girdle; but that was not what he wanted. He wanted a been deep, full, cold drink, such as a man gets only out of an old well with moss-covered bucket. David remembered that very near that cave of Adullam there was such a well

as that, a well to which he used to go in boyhood—the well of Bethlehem; and he al-most imagines that he can hear the liquid plash of that well, and his parched tongue moves through his hot lips as he says: "Oh, that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate!" It was no coner said than done. The three brave staff-officers bounded to their feet and start. Brave soldiers will take even a hint from their commander. But between them and the well lay a host of the Philistines: and what could three men do with a great army? Yet where there is a will there is a way, and, with their swords siashing this way and that, they make their path to the well. While the Philistines are amazed at the seeming fool-hardiness of these three men, and cannot make up their minds exactly what it means, make up their minds exactly what it means, the three men have come to the well. They drop the bucket. They bring up the water. They pour it in the pail, and then start for the cave. "Stop them!" cry the Philistines. "Clip them with your swords! Stab them with your spears! Stop those three men!" Too late! They are gone around the hill. The hot rocks are sulashed with the overflowing water from splashed with the overflowing water from the vessel at it is carried up the cliffs. The three men go along the dangerous path, and with cheeks flushed with the excitement, and all out of breath in their haste they fling their all out of breath in their haste they fling their swords, red with the skirmish, to the side of the cave, and cry out to David: "There, Captain of the host, is what you wanted; a drink of the well of Bethlehem, which is by

the gate."
A test is of no use to me unless I can find Christ in it; and unless I can bring a Gospel out of these words, that will arouse and com-fort and bless, I shall wish I had never seen them; for your time would be wasted, and against my soul the dark record would be made that this day I stoo I before a great au-dience of sinning, suffering, and dying men, and told them of no rescue. By the cross of and told them of no rescue. By the cross of the Son of God, by the throne of the eternal judgment, that shall not be! May the Lord Jesus help me to tell you the truth to-day! You know that carrier pigeons have some-times letters tied under the wing, and they

fly hundreds of miles—one hundred miles in heavenly Dove! bring under thy wing to-day, to my soul and to the souls of this people, some message of light, and love, and peace!

It is not an unusual thing to see people gather around a well in summer-time. The busbandman puts down his cradle at the well curb. The builder puts down his trowel The traveler puts down h's pack. Then one draw the water for all the rest, himself taking the very last. The cup is passed around, and the fires of thirst are put out; the traveler starts on his journey and the workman takes

which is journey and the workman takes up his burden.

My friends, we come to-day around the Gospel well. We put down our pack of burdens and our implements of toil. One man must draw the water for those who have gathered around the well. I will try and draw the water to-day; and it, after I have poured out from this living fountain for your soul, I just taste of it myself, you will not be-

soul, I just taste of it myself, you will not begrudge me a "drink from the water of the
well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate."

This Gospel well, like the well spoken of in
the text, is a well of Bethlehem. David had
known hundreds of wells of water, but he
wanted to drink from that particular one,
and he thought nothing could slake his thirst
like that. And unless your soul and mine can
get access to the Fountain open for sin and
uncleanness we must die. That fountain is nncleanness we must die. That fountain is the well of Bethlehem. It was dug in the night. It was dug by the light of a lantern—the star that hung down over the manger. It was dug not at the gate of Cæsar's palaces, not in the park of a Jeruselem hargein maker. It was dug in a hard salem bargain-maker. It was dug in a barn.
The camel's lifted their weary heads to listen
as the work went on. The shepherds, unable
to sleep, because the heavens were filled with bands of music, came down to see the open-ing of the well. The angels of God, at the first gush of the living water, dipped their chalices of joy into it, and drank to the health of earth and heaven, as they cried: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace." Sometimes in our modern barns the water is brought through the pipes of the city to the very nostrils of the horses or cattle; but this well in the Bethlehem barn was not so much for the teasts that perish as for our race, thirst-smitten, desert-traveled and a moon-track. Oh my soul weary with sin stoon struck. Oh, my soul, weary with sin, stoop down and drink to day out of that Bethlehen

"As the heart panteth after the water brooks, so my soul panteth after thee, O God." You would get a better understand-ing of this amidst the Adirondacks in summer-time. Here comes a swift-footed deer. The hounds are close on the track; it has leaped chasms and scaled cliffs; it is fagged out; its eyes are rolling in death:
its tongue is lolling from its foaming
mouth. Faster the deer, faster the dogs,
until it plunges into Schroon Lake and the
hounds can follow it no farther, and it puts
down its head and mouth until the nostril is
eleen subpragged in the cool wave, and I unclean submerged in the cool wave, and I un-derstand it: "As the heart panteth for the derstand it: "As the heart panteth for the water-brook, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." Oh, bring me water from that well! Little child, who has learned of Jesus in the Sabbath-school, bring me some of that hving water. Old man, who fifty years ago didst find the well, bring me some of that water. Stranger in a strange land, who used to hear sung in the Highlands of Scotland, to the tune of "Bonnie Doon," "The Star the Star of Bathle Highlands of Scotland, to the tune of nie Doon," "The Star, the Star of hem." bring me some of that water. Whosoever drinketh of that water shall never thirst. "Oh that one would give me drink of the wa-

Again, this Gospel well, like the one spoken of in the text, is a captured well. David re-membered the time when that good water of Bethlehem was in the possession of his ances betaenem was in the possession of his ancestors. His father drank there, his mother drank there. He remembered how the water tasted when he was a boy, and came up there from play. We never forget the old well we from play. We never forget the old well we used to drink out of when we were boys orgirls. There was something in it that blessed the thing we have found since. As we think of that dear old well, the memories of the past flow into each other like crystalline drons, sun-glinted, and all the more as we remember that the hands that used to hold the rope, and the hearts that beat against the well

ter of the well of Bethlehem which is by the

curo are still now. We never get over these reminiscences. George P. Morris, the great song writer of this country, once said to me that his song. "Woodman spare that troe," was sung in a great concert hall, and the memories of early life were so wrought upon the audience early life were so wrought upon the audience by that song that, after the singing was done, an aged man arose in the audience, over-whelmed with emotion, and said: "Sir, will you please to tell me whether the woodman really spared the tree?" We never forget the tree under which we played. We never forget the fountain at which we drank. Alas for the man who has no early memories.

Tor the man who has no early memories.

David thought of that well, that boyhood well, and he wanted a drink of it, but he remembered that the Philistines had captured it. When those three men tried to come up to the well in behalf of David, they saw swords gleaming around about it. And this formed well. The Philistines is true of this Gospel well. The Philistines have at times captured it. When we come to take a full, old-fashioned drink of pardon and take a full. old-fashioned drink of pardon and comfort, do not their swords of indignation and sarcasm flash? Why, the skeptics tell us that we cannot come to that fountain! They say the water is not fit to drink anyhow. "If you are really thirsty now, there is the well of philosophy, there is the well of art, there is the well of science." They try to substitute, instead of our boyhood faith, a modern mixture. They say a great to substitute, instead of our boyhood faith, a modern mixture. They say a great many beautiful things about the soul, and they try to feed our immortui hunger on rose leaves, and mix a mint julep of worldly stimulants, when nothing will satisfy us but "a drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is at the gate." They try to starve us on husks, when the Father's banquet is ready, and the best ring is taken from the castet, and the best ring is taken from the casket, and the sweetest harp is struck for the music, and the swiftest foot is already lifted for the dance. They patronize heaven and abolish hell, and try to measure heaven and aboisin field, and try to measure eternity with their hour-glass, and the throne of the great God with their yard-stick! I abhor it. I tell you the old Gospel well is a captured well. I pray God that there may be somewhere in the elect host three annointed men, with courage enough to go forth in the strength of the omnipotent God, with the glittering swords of truth, to hew the way back again to that old well. I think the tide is again to that old well. I think the tide is turning, and that the old Gospel is to take its place again in the family, and in the university, and in the legislative hall. Men have tricd worldly philosophies, and have found out that they do not give any comfort, and that they drop an arctic midnight upon the death-pillow. They fail when there is a dead child in the house; and when the soul comes to leap into the fathomless ocean of eternity, they give to the man not so much as a broken spar to cling to. Depend upon it, that well will come into our possession again, though it has been captured. If there he not three anointed men in the Lord's again, though it has been captured. If there be not three anointed men in the Lord's host with enough consecration to do the work then the swords will leap from Jehovah's buckler, and the eternal three will descend— God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Gost the rather, God the Soil, odd the Flay Ghost-conquering for our dying race the way back again to "the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate," "If God be for us, who can be against us?" "If God spared not his own Son, but freely gave him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" "For I am persuaded give us all things?" "For I am persuaded that neither height, nor depth, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come," shall take from us, into final captivity, the Gospel of my blessed Lord Jesus Christ.

Again, the Gospel well, like the one spoken of the company text is a wall at the gate. The

of in my text, is a well at the gate. The traveler stops the camel to-day, and gets down and dips out of the valley of the East, some very beautiful, clear, bright water, and that is out of the very well that David longed for. Do you know that that well was at the gate, so that nobody could go into Bethlehem without going right past it? And so it is with this Gospel well—it is at the gate. It is, in the first place, at the gate of purification. We cannot wash away our sins unless with that water. I take the responsibility of saying that there is no man, woman, or child in this house to-day that has escaped sinful defilement. Do you say it is outrageous and ungallant for me to make such a charge? Do you say: "I have never stolen—I have never blasphemed—I have never committed untactive the stolen." chastity—I have never been guilty of murder?" I reply, you have committed a sin worse than blasphemy, worse than unchastity, worse than theft, worse than murder. We have all committed it. We der. We have all committed it. We have by our sins re-crucified the Lord, and that is deicide. And if there be any who dare to plead "not guilty" to the indictment, then the hosts of heaven will be empaneled as a jury to render a unanimous verdict against us; guilty one, guilty all. With what a slashing stroke that one passage cuts us away from all our pretensions. "There is none that doeth good—no, not one," "Oh," says some one, "all we want, all the race wants. that doeth good—no, not one." "Oh." says some one, "all we want, all the race wants, is development." Now I want to tell you that the race develops without the Gospel into a Sodom, a Five Points, a great Salt Lake City. It always develops dowaward, and never upward, except as the grace of God lays hold of it. What, then, is to become of our soul without Christ? Banishment. Disaster. But I bless my Lord Jesus Christ that there is a well at the gate of purification. For great sin, great pardon. For eighty years of trans-gression, an eternity of forgiveness. For crime leep as hell, an atonement high as heaven; that where sin abounded, so grace may much more abound; that as sin reigned unto death even so may grace reign through righteous-ness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ, our Lord. Angel of the Covenant, dip thy wing in this living fountain to-day, and wave it over this solemn assemblage, that our souls may be washed in "the water of the well of

of in my text, is a well at the gate

Bethlehem, which is by the gate."
Further, I remark that this well of the Gospel is at the gate of comfort. Do you know where David was when he uttered the words of the text! He was in the cave of Adullam. That is where some of you are now. Has the world always gone smoothly with you? Has it never pursued you with slander? Is your health always good? Have your fortunes never perished? Are your children all alive and well? Is there no dead lamb in the fold? Are you ignorant of the way to the cemetery? Have you never heard the bell toll when it seemed so if never stroke of the iron clauses. eemed as if every stroke of the iron clapper beat your heart? Are the skies as bright you look into them as they used to be when other eyes, now closed, used to look into them! Is there some trunk or drawer in your house that you go to only on anniversary days, when there comes beating against your soul the surf of a great ocean of agony? It is the cave of Adullam! The cave of Adullam! Is there some David here whose fatherly heart wayward Absolom has broken? Is there some Abraham here who is broken? Is there some Abraham here who is lonely because Sarah is dead in the family-plot of Machpelah! After thirty or forty years of companionship, how hard it was for them to part! Why not have two seats in the Lord's chariot, so that both the old folks might have gone up at once? My aged mother in her last moment, said to my father: "Father wouldn't it be nice if we could both go to-gether?" No, no, no. We must part. And there are wounded hearers here to day. The there are wounded nearers here to day. The world cannot comfort you. What can it bring you! Nothing. Nothing. The salve they try to put on your wounds will not stick. They cannot, with their bungling surgery, mand the broken house.

They cannot, with their bungling surgery, mend the broken bones. Zoppar the Naamathite, and Bildad the Shuhite, and Eliphaz the Temanite, come in, and talk, and talk, and talk, but miserable and talk, and talk, and talk, but miseraoue comforters are they all. They can not pour light into the cave of Adullam. They can not bring a single draught of water from the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate. But, glory be to Jesus Christ, there is comfort at the gate! There is life in the well at the gate. If you give my time I will they are no promise for give me time, I will draw up a promise for every man, woman and child in this house. Ay, I will do it in two minutes. I will lay hold the rope of the old well. What is your trouble? "Oh," you say, "I am so sick, so weary of life—ailments after ailments," I will draw up a promise "The inhebitants will draw up a promise: "The inhabitants will never say 'I am sick." What is your trouble? "Oh, it is loss of friends—bereavetrouble? ment," you say. I will draw you up a promise, fresh and cool, out of the well. "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." What is your trouble? You say it is the infirmities of old age. I will draw you up a promise: "Down to old age I am with thee. to hoary hairs will I carry thee." thee, to hoary hairs will I carry thee." What is your trouble! "Oh," you say, "I have a widowed soul, and my children cry for bread." I bring up this promise: "Leave thy fatherless children—I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me." I break through the armed ranks of your sor-rows to-day, and bring to your parched lips "a drink of the waters of the well of Bethle-

em, which is by the gate."

Again, the Gospel well is at the gate of neaven. I have not heard yet one single incelligent account of the future world from synthety who does not helitare in the Rible. anybody who does not believe in the Bible They throw such a fog about the subject that I do not want to go to the skeptic's heaven, to the transcendentalist's heaven, to the worldly philosopher's heaven. I would not exchange

the poerest room in your house for the finest heaven that Huxley, or Stuart Mill, or Dar-win ever dreamed of. Their heaven has no Christ in it: and a heaven without Christ, Christ in it: and a heaven without Christ, though you could sweep the whole universe into it, would be a hell. Oh. they tell us there are no songs there; there are no coronations in heaven—that is all imagination. They tell us we will do there about what we do here, only on a larger scale—geometrize with clearer intellect, and with alpenstee's go clambering up over the icobergs in an eternal vacation. Rather than that, I turn to my Bible, and I find John's picture of that good land—that heaven which was your lullaby in infancy—that heaven which our children in the Sabbath-school will sing about this afternoon—that heaven which has a "well at the gate." "well at the gate.

After you have been on a long journey, and you come in, all bedusted and tired, to your home, the first thing you want is re-freshing ablution, and I am glad to know that after we get through the pilgrim-age of this world—the hard, dusty pilage of this world—the hard, dusty pil-grimage—we will find a well at the gate. In that one wash, away will go our sins and sorrows. I do not care whether cherub, or seraph, or my own departed friends in that blessed land place to my lips the cup, the touch of that cup will be life, will be heaven? I was read-ing of how the ancients sought for the fountain of perpetual youth. They thought ing of now the ancients sought for the fountain of perpetual youth. They thought if they could only find and drink out of that well, the old would become young again, the sick would be cured, and everybody would have eternal juvenescence. Of course, they could not find it. Eureka! I have found it! "The water of the well of Bethlehem, which is but the casts"

is by the gate."

1 think we had better make a bargain with those who leave us, going out of this world from time to time, as to where we will meet from time to time, as to where we will meet them. Travelers parting appoint a place of meeting. They say, "we will meet at Rome, or we will meet at Stockholm. or Vienna, or Jerusalem, or Bethlehem." Now, when we come to stand by the death-pillow of those who are leaving us for the far land, do not let us weep as though we would never see them again, but let us, there standing, appoint a place where we will meet. Where shall it be? Shall it be on the banks of the river? No. The where we will meet. Where shall it he? Shall it be on the banks of the river? No. The banks are too long. Shall it be in the temple? No; no. There is such a host there—ten thousand times ten thousand. Where shall we meet the loved ones? Let us where shall we meet the loved ones? Let us make an appointment to meet at the well by the gate. Oh, heaven! Sweet heaven! Dear heaven! Heaven, where our good friends are! Heaven, where Jesus is! Heaven!

Heaven! But while I stand here there comes a revulsion of feeling when I look into your eyes and know there are souls here dying of thirst, notwithstanding the well at the gate. Be-tween them and the well of heaven there is a great army of sin; and though Christ is ready to clear a way to that well for them, they will not have his love or intercession. But I am glad to know that you may come

yet. The well is here—the well of heaven.
Come: I do not care how feeble you are. Let
me take hold of your arm, and steady you up
to the well-curb. "Ho, every one that
thirsteth, come." I would rather win one soul to Christ this morning than wear the crown of the world's dominion. Do not let any man go away and say I did not invite him. Oh, if you could only just look at my Lord Oh, if you could only just look at my Lord once; if you could just see him full in the face; ay, if you could only do as that woman did whom I read about at the beginning of the services—just come up behind him and touch his feet—methinks you would live. In Northern New Jersey, one winter, three little children wandered off from home in a snow storm. Night came on. Father and mother said, "Where are the children?" They could not be found. They started out in could not be found. They started out in haste, and the news ran to the neighbors, and before morning it was said that there were hundreds of men hunting the mountains for those three children, but found them not. After a while a man imagined there was a place that had not been looked at, and he went and saw the three children. He examined their bodies. He found that the older boy had taken off his coat and wrapped it around the younger one, the baby, and then taken off his vest and put it around the other one; and there they all found them not. After a while a man imagined around the other one; and there they all died, he probably the first, for he had no coat or yest. Oh, it was a touching scene when that was brought to light! I was on the ground a little while after, and it brought the whole scene to my mind, and I thought to whole scene to my mind, and I tatight to myself of a more melting scene than that: when Jesus, our elder brother, took off the robe of his royalty and laid aside the last garment of earthly comfort, that he might wrap our poor souls from the blast. Oh, the height, and the depth, and the length, and the breadth of the love of Christi

# RELIGIOUS READING.

Triumph. Into those mansions, pure and holy, Cometh tears nor pain; Followers of the meek and lowly Meet their Lord again. Singing are the angels, singing, singing, In that sinless land; Ringing are the voices, ringing, ringing, Voices of a sainted band.

Sorrow and sighing from the immortal Evermore are fled; Joyfully, at the heavenly portal,

Shout the risen dead.
Everlasting joy, all glorious, g'orious,
On their heads shall be,
Everlasting life, o'er death victorious,
Through a lower atomity. Through a long eternity.

The Things That Remain.

There may be hours of trial when the "feet are almost gone, the steps well-nigh slipped." What is the proper course to pursue in these seasons of temptation? One thing should always be done; the things that re-main should be strengthened. The heart main should be strengthened. The heart should encourage itself. Memories of God's former mercies are among the things that remain to us.

Recall in times of tribulation His days of gracious deliverance. How many times God has appeared in unexpected ways for our help. Draw lessons from His tender deal--lessons for present and future comfort. He has not changed. Our weakness, even sinfulness, cannot remove His desire to do us

One may form the habit of thus remem-One may form the hand bed us. What bering all the way God hath led us. What strength comes in this way when the heart is strength comes in this way with sorrow! "I am nigh overwheimed with sorrow! strengthened greatly," said one, "by bearing testimony in my most trying hours to God's past help." He only expressed the uniform experience of the saints. "They looked unto Him, and were lightened, and their faces were not ashaned. This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him and saved him out of all his troubles."

Remarkable Conversions.

The account which Richard Baxter gives of his own conversion has often been quoted as a testimony to the power of good books. When Richard was about fifteen years of age a certain day laborer known to the family lent him "an old torn book" called "Banny's Resolutions," and the reading of this became a means of enlightenment. What happened further goes to show the value of colportage, though colporteurs as an organ-ized band were not known in England until centuries afterwards. A pedlar, whose pack contained some indifferent wares, as well as others of sterling merit, one day halted at the Eaxters' house and sold a copy of Sibbe's "Bruised Reed." That book was the instrument used to confirm book was the instrument used to confirm Richard in the faith; though it was not as is sometimes represented, the means of his awakening. "The Bruised Reed" has in reality taken the honor due to the "old torn book" of the poor day laborer. In the era of the reformation it appears that educated men were frequently converted despite their former prejudices. Prince George of Anhalt was of this description, for after reading the books of Luther from mere curiosity, and not without inward missivings as to his own not without inward misgivings as to his own weakness he embraced the reformet faith and built up the Church. Even more strik-ing was the case of Vergerius, legate of the Pope in Germany, and whose eminen-vices to the Roman see "His Holiness" posed to reward with a cardinal's hat. There were those about the court however, who counselled a becoming caution; for having been so long absent from the centre of orthodoxy, some suspected that Vergerius at least smelled of Lutheranism. On learn-ing how matters stood, the ecclesiastic was more than a little chagrined, being conscious of his own integrity and devotion to the church. He resolved to prove his sincerity by writing down the Reformation, in a book to be entitled "Against the Apostate Germans," and he retired to a suitable retreat surpose. He set himself industri-work at the task of reading the hooks of the enemy, but this reading was blessed to his conversion. He went to his brother to tell him what had occurred, and brother to tell him what had occurred, and where that brother likewise renounced Popery. man's.

They both of them became zealous preachers and pillars in the Protestant church. -[Sword

Daniel Webster's Confession,

The following articles of faith were written by Mr. Webster at the age of 25, and he retained those views, in the main, in later years, as was shown in his remarks before the Massachusetts supreme court on the death of Jeremiah Mason. The confession has been printed many times, but is none the worse for that:

I believe in the existence of Almighty God, who created and governs the whole world. I am taught this by the works of nature and the word of revelation.

I believe that God exists in three persons: this I learn from revelation alone. Nor is it this I learn from revelation alone. Nor is it any objection to this belief that I cannot comprehend how one can be three or three one. I hold it my duty to believe, not what

I can comprehend or account for, but what my Maker teaches me.

I believe the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments to be the will and the work

of God.

I believe Jesus Christ to be the Son of God. The miracles which He wrought establish in my mind his personal authority, and render it proper for me to believe whatever He asserts; I believe, therefore all His declara-tions, as well when He declares Himself the Son of God as when Ho declares any other proposition. And I believe there is no other way of salvation than through the merits of

Is atonement!
I believe that things past, present and to come are equally present in the mind of the Deity; that with Him there is no succession of time nor of ideas; that, therefore, the relative terms, past, present and future, as used among men, cannot, with strict propriety, be applied to Deity. I believe in the doctrines of foreknowledge and predestination as expounded. I do not believe in those doctrines as imposing any fatality or necessity on men's actions or any way infringing free exercise. agoncy.

I believe in the utter inability of any

human being to work out his own salvation without the constant aids of the Spirit of all grace.
I believe in those great peculiarities of the

Christian religion—a resurrection from the dead and a day of judgment: I believe in the universal providence of God; and leave to Epicurus and his more unreasonable followers in modern times, the inconsistency of believing that God made a world which He does not take the trouble of

governing.

Although I have great respect for some other forms of worship, I believe the Congregational mode, on the whole, to be preferable to any other.

ble to any other.

I believe religion to be a matter, not of demonstration, but of faith. God requires us to give credit to the truths which He reveals, not because we can prove them, but because He declares them. When the mind is reasonably convinced that the Bible is the Word of God, the only remaining duty is to receive its doctrines with full confidence of their truth and practice, them with a pure their truth and practice them with a pure

heart.
I believe that the Bible is to be understood and received in the plain and obvious meaning of its passages, since I cannot persuade myself that a book, intended for the instruction and conversion of the whole world, should cover its true meaning in such mystery and doubt that none but critics and

hilosophers can discover it.

I believe that the experiments and subtleties of human wisdom are more likely to obscure than to enlighten the revealed will of God, and that he is the most accomplished Christian scholar who has been educated at the feet of Jesus and in the college of fisher-

men.

I believe that all true religion consists in the heart and the affections and that, there-fore, all creeds and confessions are fallible and uncertain evidences of evangelical piety.

## TEMPERANCE.

Playing Drunkard.

was a kind, good-natured man as one might wish to see, He had a buxom, tidy wife and bright-eyed children three, But Jones was weak in one respect—he had a love for rum,
And often from the drinking shop would taggering homeward come.

His good wife grieved to see him thus, but bore all patiently,
And prayed and hoped that in some way he
would reformed be,
She never waver'd in her faith, but toiled
with hand and brain,
And in the end with joy she found her prayors were not in vain. ers were not in vain.

One Sunday morn, while Sleeping away the outcome of his spree the night before,
His wife had gone to church to pray that his
reform might come,
Leaving, with much regret, her ill-clad little

When passed away the lethargy caused by the flowing bowl, Jones gazed around and saw a sight which shocked his very soul. His eldest child, a boy of six, with frowzy, unkept hair, Was staggering around the room with idiotic

The while his other little ones laughed loudly in their glee, His grimaces, and flounderings, and antics queer to see.

tate papa, But if I had some liquor, I could do it better, far. But children ain't allowed to drink, so I know what I'll do,
I'll wait till I grow up and then I'll be a
drunkard too."

"I'm only playing drunk," he said, "to imi-

"I reckon not," Jones muttered, "with heaven's help I'll try
To do my duty after this in strict sobriety.
My eyes shall ne'er again behold a scene so My eyes shall ne'r again behold a scene so sad as his; Come here my precious little ones, and give

\* \* \* \* \* \*

When Mrs. Jones came home from church he mether at the door, tenderly embracing her, said: "Wife, I'll drink no more She saw the truth shine in his eyes and wept for very joy, lever knew the change was wrought by

her unthinking boy.

-Fancis S. Smith. Why We Need a Temperance Reform. The movement for the teaching of the prin-The movement for the teaching of the principles of temperance in the public schools is thoroughly philosophical in its fundamental idea, which is that in a "government of the people" the individual shall be self-controlled, or at least capable of self-control. Education makes and marks the difference between the makes and marks the difference between the savage and the civilian. Knowledge is the foundation of self-control. The old maxim says that "right wrongs no man." So I say that light wrongs no man. Truth wrongs no man, but it helps each man to control himself. There is, and there can be, no question of the terrible evil of intemperance. All thinking man are agreed that it is the great of the terrible evil of intemperance. All thinking men are agreed that it is the greatest social evil of the age. This cry for temperance teaching is the echo of God's primmordial decree: "Let there be light!" It is the pleading of the millions of the children of the land, beseeching that they may not be sent naked, without shield or armor, into the battle of life to contend against odds not only the of life to contend against odds, not only with the open and disclosed enemy but also with those that lie in ambush and assail them in disguise. It is the appeal of hundreds of thousands of the noblest and purest women of the land in behalf of their homes, children, their altars, and their firesides homes, their is the plea of the home, the church, and the school combined that if our tender ones and our helpless ones must run the gauntlet of the army of alcohol they may, at least, be forewarned and upon guard against the lurking danger.—W. C. T. U.

They Bear the Curse. There is one class of workers for temperance that ought to be, and in the main is, safe

rom gibe and rancor.

It is the women upon whom the curse of runkenness rests most heavily, and when from gibe and rancor. women unite to protect their homes from its blight their provocation and their aim should secure for them at least the respect of silence from those who do not believe in their reme-

dies for an evil that none can deny.

Woman's suffering from drunken husbands, fathers, sons and brothers gives her a right to call for all the protection that society can justly give.—New York World.

E. S. Boyd, of Wyoming, writes: Our Prohibition party will be mostly women, but that makes no difference here, where a woman's vote counts as much as a

A Famous Bicycler on Temperance,

The following letter to the Voice from Thomas Stevens, the famous bicyclist, who wheeled his way round the world last year, adds another testimonial from the great travelers in favor of total abstinence: I ravelers in favor of total abstinence:

I incidentally learned the other day that my article, "The Drinks of All Nations," that appeared in the Sun October 3, has created the impression upon the minds of some that I personally advocate the use of alcoholic beverages. I therefore beg that you will give me sufficient space to "stand corrected."

What the Sun pichtly antitud my foundary

me sufficient space to "stand corrected."
What the Sun rightly entitled my "curious observations" must not be mistaken as a personal advocacy of liquor-drinking, as against temperance, even when viewed from the "nation" standpoint. For the benefit of those readers who cannot be expected to know anything about a newspaper writer's position. I readers who cannot be expected to know anything about a newspaper writer's position, I would point out that he has small choice of subjects. He has to sink his personality out of sight entirely. Like the man who raises vegetables for the market, it is imperative upon him to produce varieties that meet with the readiest sale.

No doubt an article might be written on the expected with the restrict side of the question producing

the opposite side of the question producing points quite as plausible as my observation that "nations who drink the most alcohol do the best fighting." As the Chinese philosopher said, when they were whipped by the allied forces, "the ability of the foreign devils to fight doesn't establish their superiority.

Turning from the "national observations" Turning from the "national observations" of the Sun article to an individual traveler's view, I may say that the views of Henry M. Stanley, on the temperance question, are fully verified by my own experiences. He believes, and so do 1, that alcohol as a beverage should be avoided, but that a mild stimulant—a glass of claret, or a "peg"—in the evening, after a fatiguing day, is not a bad thing. Its use in this manner relegates it to its proper sphere as a medicine, as distinct from a beverage. That alcohol is sometimes useful in medicinal practice, few, I suppose, would care to dispute. It is also an excellent thing for preserving tarantulas and freaks of thing for preserving tarantulas and freaks of

rature.

From a social standpoint, I don't think anybody needs to be told that a community of thoughtful and reflecting temperance people—"Prohibition cranks," even, if you will—would be a vast improvement upon the heterogeneous elements that now abound al-

—would be a vast improvement upon the heterogeneous elements that now abound almost everywhere in our country.

While I am not quite prepared to take the extreme views that some take, I am in strong sympathy with the mission of such men as John B. Gough and kindred spirits. I want it to be distinctly understood that I am a strong advocate of temperance. I attribute my remarkable immunity from sickness under the most trying climatic conditions to the fact that I have, all my life, been practically—though not professedly so—a total tically—though not professedly so—a total abstainer. As a matter of fact, I was a "blue-ribbon wearer" for over ten years, and might just as well be one now as then.

NEW YORK CITY. THOMAS STEVENS.

A Great Change in Progress.

No person past middle age, says T. W. Higginson, in Harper's Bazar can help admitting that a great change has come over the drinking usages of society since his child-hood; that moderation is far more general and total abstinence less rare. It is a matter of surprise at a hotel dinner-table to see how of surprise at a hotel dinner-table to see how large a majority now dine without wine; it is far less common to see it set forth on side-boards; a man may forego it entirely and lose no social caste. No doubt a good deal is still used; it is the stereotyped phrase to describe champagne as "flowing like water" on festive occasions; but the change is undoubtedly great. Nor is this confined to our branch of the Anglo-Saxon race; during the last twenty-five years there has been a dislast twenty-five years there has been a dislast twenty-ne years there has been a dis-tinct diminution of social wine-drinking in England, and the "four-bottle man" is a thing of the past. Eminent leaders of Eng-lish thought now visit us who, like Canon Farrar and Mr. James Bryce, are total ab-stainers; and even at the univerities, once the stronghold of well-bred and decorous winestronghold of well-bred and decorous wine-drinking, you are constantly told how great is the change. In this country the prohibitory party is undeniably growing stronger, and its policy is gradually being accepted into the actual constitution of States. Not only the actual constitution of States. Not only is the brewer's vocation regarded as a low one—instead of having his career rewarded by a peerage, as in England—but the winemerchant himself, once at the head of all tradespeople, is now viewed with disapprobation and dislike, and seems in a fair way to be constitutionally prohibited out of exist ence. Were this merely a change in an ordinary social habit it might pass as the mere swing of the readulum, no more predicting a

swing of the pendulum, no more predicting a final abandonment of the indulgence than a diminution in the size of hats or bonnets pre-dicts a final preference for bare heads. But dicts a final preference for bare heads. But the transformation now going on is some-thing more than a passing fashion, for it has been made under a pressure of the vast injury our race. When the greatest of living Eng-lishmen says that the traffic in intoxicating confessedly drinks 'has wrought more harm to England than war, pestilence, and famine combined' (Gladstone's speech of March 5, 1881, in the House of Commons), and when even the Lon-don Times says of the same traffic: "We must somehow end this business or it will end

us," it is evident that the change now going on is the outcome of a moral conviction. Un der its influences these evils are diminishing. Dr. McGlynn on Intemperance. "Some twenty-one years ago," said Dr. McGlynn recently in New York, "I was appointed to St. Stephen's Church in East Twenty eight street, I was met on the street by a young medical man, who said, with much vehemence, that I needed whiskey each day, and he told me just how many ounces to take. I was moved to think that he was too fond of his own medicine. Dr. Stephen Smith, with whom I was associated during

the war in the Military Hospital in Central Park, at that day deplored the readiness with Park, at that day deplored the readiness with which doctors at that time surgested and ordered liquor to their patients. It is very amusing to hear people talk of using liquor to excess. Many a man will talk glibly of how he has never been drunk, yet he has been using liquor all his life and in large excess. Even the curse of drink enters all classes. Even the curse of grink enters all classes. Even the altar is not free from its ravages. Even have seen those who could preach most eloquently from the pulpit upon the beauties of temperance, yet who themselves were the victims of the curse of intemperance."

A Suggestive Increase.

Within forty years the per capita consump-tion of whisky in the United States has detion of whisky in the United States has de-creased fifty per cent, the consumption of wine has increased forty per cent, and of beer 700 per cent. It is suggestive of the social harm-fulness of ardent drinks, and of the comparative harmlessness of beer and wie, that the arrests for drunkenness in New York during forty years have decreased in a ratio alm exactly corresponding with the above noted decrease in whisky drinking -Milwaukee

Temperance News and Notes. The drunkard's thread of life is wound on

The cork-screw has sunk more than the cork-jacket will ever float. Prohibition has been generally successfu in the Missouri local option contests.

One of the most effective temperance agitators in Iowa, it is stated, is a blind woman, Miss Ida Minkler.

It is said that enough beer is annually consumed in Chicago, Ill., to give 726 glasses to every man, woman and child in the city, or ) for each person. Chicago is enjoying the "blessing" (f) of high license.

Canon Wilberforce, in a recent meeting in London, said: "In Maine when they caught a brewer they put him in prison, but in Eng-land they elevated him to the House of Lorde" Lords.

A commission has been appointed by the French Government to consider the subject of alcohol legislation. The commisson will base its action upon the report made last year by a Senatorial committee concerning the spread of alcoholism in France. The evil has assumed such threatening proportions that assumed such threatening proportions that the Government feels called upon to impose some check upon the sale and use of spirituous

THE new Cairo bridge across the Ohio River is to have two spans 518 feet each, seven 400 feet each, and three 250 feet each; total length, 4,670 feet. It will be fifty-three feet above high-water mark, and will cost \$2,500,-000. It will take two and a half years to build it. It will be the wonder of

### NUMISMATICS.

SOME FACTS ABOUT RARE AND VALUABLE COINS.

Prices Paid for Some-Scarce American Gold and Silver Coins-Other Rare Coins-Rare Medals.

A dealer in rare coins said to a New York Ecening Sun reporter: "There are several varieties that we would at present be very glad to encounter, among which may be mentioned the gold dol lar of 1863, for which we would willingly pay \$7.50. For specimens of the \$3 gold pieces of 1873, '75, and '76 we would give a good premium. There are many other United States coins that either have been or are still in circulation, for which good prices can be obtained when the piece has not been mutilated or too much worn. The rarest of all these is the 1804 dollar, for which we offer \$350.

"Another good coin to have is the original half dollar of 1861. The obverse is similar to the present type, but the reverse contains a United States shield, surmounted by a liberty cap, the whole being surrounded by a wreath of oak and lautel leaves. For a good copy we would give \$200. Among the old style of large copper cents there are many valuable dates, all the old issues from 1793, when the United States issued the first copper cent, to 1814, being worth a premium ranging from one cent to \$5. The cent worth the last mentioned sum is that of 1799. An 1804 cent is also a good date to have, being worth \$2. None of the small 1-cent pieces of the current style are yet worth premium, except the one first issued This is known as the "Flying Eagle" cent of 1853. It is made of rickel and is

worth \$1.50. The only nickel 3-cent piece worth a premium is that of 1877, which brings 15 cents, but the little old 3-cent silver pieces from 1863 to 1873 inclusive all have premiums on them ranging from 15 to 50 cents. The only nickel 5-cent piece with a premium is the one of 1877, which is worth 15 cents.

"The little antique } cents so much used by our grandpas are now becoming rare, and nearly all those issued have premiums ranging from 1 cent to \$5. Those worth the last mentioned sum are the issues of 1796, 1836, '42, '43, and '48. Other rare dates that do not bring quite as much are 1840, '41, '44,

'45, '47, and '55. We now come to the higher denominations, there being but few rare issues among the silver dimes and half-dimes. About the only one of interest is the 5cent piece of 1802, which fetches \$25. Both the silver 20-cent pieces of 1877 and '78 are valuable, bringing \$1.50 each.

"The quarter of 1853, similar in appearance to the present issue, which has on its reverse side no lines back of the eagle, is worth \$2.50. Some of the older 25 cent pieces bring much more-that of 1823 bringing \$15, and that of 1827 bringing \$30. Among the half dollars beside the one already mentioned, there are several with premiums. That of 1776 is worth \$20; that of 1796, \$18; and there are smaller premiums for those of 1794, '95, '1801, '02, '15, '26, and '52.

. "The silver dollars come next in order, among the most valuable being those of 1794 (bust of Liberty with flowing hair) worth \$25; 1836 worth \$15, '30 worth \$10, '51 and '52 worth \$10. Other dates with premiums among the latter issues are 1854, '55, '56, '57, '61, '63, '64, '65 and '67. The last five must be sharp impressions to be worth more than their are also a number with premiums, those cent. in hardening from a melted state. face value. Among the gold coins there of 1870, '71, '72. Nearly all the quarter eagles or two dollar and a half pieces issued between 1796 and 1834 also bring more than their face value, the rarest being the issue of 1826, which is worth \$10. Among the \$5 pieces there are some good dates. Those of 1795 with large eagle, 1797 with cither large or small eagle, and 1801, being worth \$10 each. That of 18t5 is worth \$15, 1824, \$10, and 1828, \$12. In \$10 pieces, or are not worth anything beyond their face. The coin highest in denomination worth a premium is the \$20 or double

eagle of 1849, which brings \$50. "Outside of the United States, there is very little call for the coins of this country, as every coinage is better appreciated in its own country than it is anywhere else. A fine American dollar brings the highest price in New York, and fine English crown pieces sell best in London. The Canadians, for example, are great collectors of their own coinage. Their series of issues, however, is much smaller than ours, that of the United States commencing in 1793, while many of their pieces are rude in execution and have no reference at all upon them to their country.
"The study of the early issues of the

various colonies, prior to the institution of the United States Mint in 1776, is exceedingly interesting. They are called 'Colonial' coins and date from 1694, during William and Mary's reign, and were issued in the Carolinas and New England irregularly up to 1773, under George III. The issues were in the form of copper cents, and are now very valuable specimens, being worth from \$20 to \$25. The 'Continental' issues, as I may call them, although this term has never been applied before, are also very interesting. These were various copper cents, issue by a number of the independent States, namely, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, and New Jersey, between the years 1783 and 1783. are all rare, many being very valuable. The first piece of money ever issued by the United States as a power, under direction of the Continental Congress, was a silver dollar of the year 1776. Specimens are worth from \$5 to \$6.

"A most interesting branch of numismatics is that relating to medals, which are numerous in most countries, noted men usually being the subjects commemorated. Bronze is the best, and the usual metal selected for the impressions, but sometimes the finer metals are used. beautiful dies ever cut being the work of a lady, Leah Ahlborn, of the Royal Mint at Stockholm. This country has a large issue of medals, one of the rarest being the Germantown medal, so called from its commemorating the celebrated battle of Germantown during the Pevolution. There are also some rare Canadian medals, a number being valued at \$10 or more.

### A Sacred Tree Gone. The sacred Bo tree - the most ancient

and authentic of the relies of Gautama Buddha in Ceylon -- was lately demoli-hed by a high wind in a stoom of supposed to have a dreamy semi-con- they provoke. -low lon Tele raph. sciousness of its own, and upon its death it was cremated with high honors at the Thuparama Dagoba, after its thought beyond the little space of their own vision. limbs had been bathed in holy water.

#### POPULAR SCIENCE,

Profs. Trowbridge and Hutchins, of Harvard college, report that their extensive and careful researches tend to disprove the view that oxygen exists in any

part of the sun. Prof. Thomas Carnelly and a Mrs. Holdam of a college at Dundee have been investigating sewer air, and report that it averages as pure, so far as germs are concerned, as the air in ordinary houses.

A Pittsburg paper describes a new telephone on exhibition in that city that does away with the necessity of speaking. A sensitive plate "presses against the larynx and glands of the neck, and as the jaws are moved in conversation the motion sends the words along the wire as distinctly as the telephone now in use."

Mr. W. Mattieu Williams thinks that the instinct which guides the swallow southward in autumn is probably of a very practical and unpoetic kind. Its is chiefly flying insects, whose development ceases with the advance of cold from the North, and in migration the bird is merely following its retreating food supply.

Dr. H. Lane, of Portland, Oregon, began digging a large well some time ago and it promised to furnish an unlimited supply of cold water. Indeed the water came so fast that one pump could not keep it out of the way of the workmen, and a second was to be put in. But in one night the temperature of the water changed, and in the morning clouds of steam rolled up from the well, which was found to contain about twenty-five feet of water almost boiling hot. last accounts the temperature had not lowered.

During midsummer in Northern Alaska, according to a recent traveler, the sun shines twenty two hours out of the twenty-four, and on the high mountain peaks for a period of several days in June it is not entirely out of sight during the twenty-four hours. In July and August the weather becomes very warm. After this time the days gradually shorten until the sun shines but four hours out of the twenty-four, but at this period the aurora is exceedingly intense and helps very materially in dispelling the darkness.

At a recent meeting of the Academy of Natural Sciences the president, Dr. Leidy, stated that he had recently received for examination from the Geographical Survey in Washington a collection of bones from ten miles east of Archer, Levy county, Florida. The specimens are generally much broken, although the original texture is mostly preserved and they show no trace of being rolled or water worn. They consist chiefly of the remains of rhinoceros, mastodon and llama. A new species of horse was also indicated by teeth and ankle bones, for which the name Hippotherium plicatile was proposed.

From various experiments made to determine the force and effect of terrestrial contraction it has been calculated that a mass of sandstone a mile in thickness, raised in temperature some 200 degrees Farenheit, would have its upper surface elevated ten feet; and that a portion of the earth's crust fifty miles thick, raised 600 to 800 degrees, might produce an elevation of 1,000 to 1,500 feet; cooling again would reverse the result; such cooling having actually taken place, and the contraction has given the earth its irregular surface and gigantic mountain wrinkles, and that the process is still going on frequent evidence is thought to be afforded in earthquake phenomena. According to this theory, the earth's shrinkage, in changing to a solid form, must have been much greater, as the common minerals lose from 3 to 11 per

### The Young Idea.

A few days since several teachers in the public schools were chatting together when one remarked: "I believe I have the banner child story for this week. I gave an object lesson with a picture of three little quails crouching beneath a bush, while an owl perched on a limb above them. The picture was entitled 'On the Alert.' I had each of them write Eagles, there are a few good ones worth a a short description of it, and one of dollar or two premium, but the majority them described the owl as 'sitting on a little alert."

"Well, now, I believe I have one that is better than that," said another teacher. "I put a list of nouns on the blackboard and wrote under them: 'Form the plurals of these nouns by adding s or es.' noticed that one of the boys looked rather dazed, and did not begin writing, so I asked him what was the matter. He said: 'Why, I don't see how you can make plurals out of then nouns by adding sores."

"I had a case that would hardly be believed by anyone except a teacher," said a High School teacher. "One of the girls in my class in English literature handed in a paper on Chaucer in which was the startling statement that 'He was educated in the Boston schools.' Iasked her for her source of information, and found it was the statement that Chaucer studied at Cambridge. She had heard of Cambridge, Mass., and having a misty idea that Boston was the seat of all culture she transferred the poet to Har-

"Speaking of authoraties," said fourth teacher, "one of my pupils pre-duced a remarkable one the other day. We were reviewing the United States history and one of the girls spoke of the severe wounds received by General Washington in one of the battles of the Revolution. I corrected her, but she insisted that it was in the book, and in proof of it pointed out the words: 'Washington was much crippled in his movements by the want of ammunition for his troops.' -Indianapolis Jourwal.

### Ghost-Haunted Ships.

Ghost-haunted ships were of all things those which the sailor regarded with most terror, and it is not many years since that an account was published of some sailors who refused to serve on board a British man-of-wer because, as they said, there was a gho t aboard. When pressed to give a reason for their belief they said they smelled him. One but sometimes the finer metals are used.
The best metal work done in the world comes frem Sweden, some of the most terror, they said they had not only the said they had not only smelled but seen the ghost—ave, and heard it, too, behind some beer barrels, and they would rather swim than remain aboard. The captain, however, ordered them to be put in irons until they were well out at sea and then flogged. that he heard nothing more of the ghost. Ships thus haunted were not only doomed to perish, in the belief of sailors, but their very presence brought danger to all who looked upon them. The decayed buils of vessels reputed to be haunted would drive the fisher folk on some of the Scotth and Irish coasts from the most promising bays, and no one would venture even to bathe n thender and lightning. The tree was them, such wild unreason ble terror dol

Narrow-minded people have at "